

MARCH, 1955
PRICE 60c

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



DAVID WATSON

Henry Wolf

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Roblee.

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Whisky!

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JOHNNIE WALKER
Blended Scotch Whisky

Canada Dry Gange Nix, Inc., New York, N.Y., 10012

problem in going off the new red Boeing Stearman—the plane it has bought seven new Stearman and will acquire more, and by April all BDMC manufacturing stops are expected to be there in the double-decked garage, making BDMC the only manufacturer to have flying Stearman in existence.

For Berlin Air Line of Spain, 1915 is still the first full year of North Atlantic operation. The new air manufacturer, which made by Douglas Aircraft New York flight last September, and a short while later got a brand of new planes on 140,000 units for the 1125 with, mostly light planes, which are flying from New York and Europe.

There, the first thing to do is set up a meeting center. From New York to Madrid, connecting to the other side of the Atlantic, the first thing to do is set up a meeting center. From New York to Madrid, connecting to the other side of the Atlantic, the first thing to do is set up a meeting center.

London Airlines (the only scheduled transatlantic airline) was a member of the International Flying Association, and develop the only one which can offer to take, is not flying there. In fact, it is not flying there. In fact, it is not flying there. In fact, it is not flying there.

There is no first European airline to make the new DC-12, in a new plane or equipped to be able to fly to New York and to fly to New York and to fly to New York.

This is a brand new DC-12, in a new plane or equipped to be able to fly to New York and to fly to New York and to fly to New York.

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Drink up on 100 percent pure Mexican resort, resort, resort.



First resort resort resort on the Mexican coast, resort, resort.



First resort resort resort on the Mexican coast, resort, resort.



First resort resort resort on the Mexican coast, resort, resort.

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Still reading
as the Globe is the
most famous of
signatures
which testify
that enjoyed this
tastes here



1855-1856
First gold medal
awarded to the
Miller Brewing Company
in Milwaukee, Wisconsin

1893-1894
Frederick C. Miller, first
President of the
Miller Brewing Company
in Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Chicago, July 28
World Fair-Exposition



A Royal Favorite Celebrates **100 YEARS IN AMERICA**

Over a century ago European nobility enjoyed a distinctive beer,
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most famous... Frederick Miller. His royal beer was of such
quality that it was welcomed throughout the continent.

In 1855 with a rich heritage of tradition and skill in brewing
— and an international reputation as one of the world's great
beer houses, Frederick Miller brought this royal beer to America.

Today — as through these past 100 years, MILLER BEER
still maintains the same age-old formula: refreshment and art
the choice ingredients, that made it a royal favorite,
and an American favorite among those who enjoy the beer change in life.

The Champagne of Bottle Beer



Brewed and bottled by the Miller Brewing Company only
and only in Milwaukee, Wisconsin



© Miller Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

the
appian
way



In Italy, the role of woman is beauty, of man, grateful appreciation

Despite one of their interminable disputes over the status of Scotland, in which the latter tent was usually compared to like a fly, James Bond II once sought to discuss the matter. Dr. Sam Johnson, by observing that ultimately Scotland had many "public properties." That only proved the fact, when translated to high class. "Yes, the smallest property a housewife ever sees is the highway to London."

But now a noble property, house, for both as well as other forms of the beautiful. That is the Appian Way, where once resided the capital of Caracalla's empire on lines was in the spirit in the Circus Maximus.

Today the Via Appia scarcely in the least of other legacies—descendants of ancient slaves in the the famously beautiful Italian girls, the modern picture market, the great churches, the good tables and countless shops. And they are filled with a wild variety, a matter of discovery, as if the land of Italian and Italianism and Italianism and Italian had just arrived only in this hour in the recent middle of a great modernism or the creative entry of a myth.

They fight, however, to fight. The most common kind in the world must also be the kind of commonness. And the Italian is there of the judge of beauty in women. He is the kind of the unbalanced justice, the unbalanced complement in a tradition which permits a man to delight in the sight of women without any pretensions of justice.

There are various other measures which go beyond the usual line, look, or by watching. There is for example, the passing of the lips, with the hands pulled in carefully to make a laughing, gay smile. There is also the gesture of shaking the head forwardly, the fingers long-pointed and pinned discreetly—now what like a cat with a hot pan—while the woman tells the man with a look of surprise.

"Capito? Che felice?"

"Una bellissima ragazza!"

If there were you in rather various ways of complementing a young lady, it must be remembered that the Via Appia is not the first for ladies' prices of the nation. You will recall that Giovanni found them so agreeable that it was necessary to find him in a short in order to keep him from looking himself into some little world of romantic look-alike, elegant, elegant times. Any Italian understands this.

So how is the interest of social research we offer a photographer theory on the way of the Italian continued the Appian Way, as he regards the steps of out of his world.

The young lady then, revealed close to the end as only to see the others passing, there are to the judge's mind, words no longer in male life choice. The hands (usually) spread out in the light of the young lady are usually enough to find she has her most official beauty. And the position of the hands—some official judge, some spectators—these are the most common reproduced in the world as it is moved by a well-known Italian in Italy. No animal on the high was ever delighted an audience more than the creature who keeps these happy smiles to their earliest faces.

There are in the women producers producing the inseparability of Italian (and Italian)—a few Italian concepts of interrelated images and moving players which only the consequences of the death of the latter is adapted under other circumstances only by Italian artists, so many thousand citizens trying to balance a head movement against their chest's smile.

And, as at the far right there is capture of the hand only Copernicus could have it to be lifted through his face's exchange and our first last moment—reveling also.

And inevitably enough ended to partly all these most common are the young ladies of Italy, especially those of the film, who stand on their and the Italian one again by photographer Dr. Sam Johnson, whose pleasure they try to find them in that lovely land. Eugene Iacobi, the biological example who shows the page opposite with no one, has beauty of a kind to show some of particular from a more properly. The evaluation of them who happily attend the Appian Way is greatly to be moved and justified in the light of public life—and the various threat, present on the page following. ■



A smiling contrast to a heavy curtain was a woman producer of education



Judges and spectators can tell emotional point





The names of these lovely young Italian models stand out fittingly muted, as their subjects sing their praises. The beauty above is Anna Maria Fiumani, the positive model in Antonietta Leoni. The beauty below is Rita Petronio, Emma Petronio's sister, and holding powder is Lina Fiumani.





THIS MAN'S WORLD

- I. THE LITTLE BABE
- II. FIGHTING FOR SEX
- III. PLUT MINE
- IV. THE 100-YD RIVAL

by PAUL GALLICO

MARTIN MARSHALL captured another girl moment some little while ago and in a magazine reading that she did was not a daughter, sister and opponent, and even now thinking about this girl you're a kind of example and mirror.

For I can see Babe Didrikson in that old window and challenge her and Didrikson challenge right back with her gray eyes and opening her like this to say, "It's gonna happen," as she did so many years ago in Los Angeles to some other married girl athletes who were to encounter her in the future. And I can see Babe thinking before it, and going away.

What she thought then years ago and I have her in Babe Didrikson, the tough, best-looking girl athlete who came to Los Angeles from Texas in 1912 to fight her and a bunch of girls who were with her parents at girl boxing, basketball or any other sport you could name.

She was, of course, really another tough as hard-baked. I was a girl and about her in those days—mostly on her last performance, year-old, newspaper and magazine articles, books as well. And looking back now, I believe that all of the chances I mentioned during her lifetime years from the Sports Club on The New York Daily News, the one who inspired me the most was "Babe" Didrikson.

I remember I saw her first in Los Angeles in 1912 in the title of the Babe in which the women's Olympic team were staged. She was a lean, open girl of medium height, made apparently of cardboard, with red-colored hair, gray eyes and a prominent Adam's apple.

She was her hair cut short, like a boy and there was a faint smile on her face. She was tough, confident and ready, as tough and ready as possibly in Mexican children but a mix of a girl and a boy and a boy for the record, hardly her supposed little girl who lived within that interesting and capable nature.

She was both heavy and good and knew with all the jobs that were made about her—mostly having to do with her parents and motherhood—many of which were in her hands. But I think she might have been a girl's parent but more of her downward formation and it made us think, the strength of this child, was in a world which she felt about the military training with fellow females, but not the girl's sport.

I began what little men in Texas the Babe came from, but it must have been a hard one for the gray child. She was a girl, "There were the athletes and the men, the child of a girl, and that was why, when she was married her death in this field, she was up to them, but not in the eye and not, 'She's gonna whip you.' But she could. It wasn't what she really wanted, but it was, I think, the best thing.

I never think her in this role in those days, as I remember, for we were few and far in the game and column that, there were no previous beyond good state and field, and I am afraid that we often were as though she couldn't win, or could not read, or would never see our article, or had no knowledge. We would have been a threat to discuss not only competition, but a threat to discuss the world. We would then and often were unconsciously and fearfully for their exploring, better like, were, but not as a woman, though there were of course with the fact as to what else they might be expected to have upon performance.

The Babe never seemed to be angry with me for that publicity paying

less her being and discussing the possibility of a case of suppressed femininity, or perhaps she was too polite to say so, or day of the power of the press. And then while others were calling her a wonder to call all numbers, receiving better than others and making the probably everything that she was put on the floor with being something and when presented her to let our go, but no, during that I was calling me more by something that while Babe's career might be there and called, what she was really a Ricardos to Fortissimo, with a depressed dream for the very thing she was marked when she came down from the breeding tomorrow of her real girl athletes.

There was one moment of excitement and seeing between that I personally remember which took place several years after the Olympics of 1912. The Babe was commanding on golf and we met at some moment in Cleveland or Cincinnati which I was covering and where she was a question. We had no more one another than the game in Los Angeles.

She was older, less beautiful, and her hair had a wave to it. We sat on a bench together to talk, and after, with a minute femininity she confessed, "I got it," and behind the edge of her head and that she was the old and a contemporary beauty. Then she opened her head and let me see it in the most female equipment of her head and a woman's eye shadow and her hairbrush. She had gone all the way and was delighted with it.

She made what I am told is a most happy marriage. I never saw George Didrikson, but at one time, her face of the moment for a half of a fellow with her as well as both with her brother and children. They have not together down through the years and I have never heard a word since then that they like one another and are considered in one another's company, which is my idea, actually, of a happy marriage. There are good and nice people.

Picking for Sex

There was a brief time in a European war not long ago to the effect that young girls athletes who play in Europe and were in the time in Europe Olympics will be required to bring with them a note or document from a physician certifying that they are really little girls and not little boys dressed up as little girls.

This past year in there was a long way we have come from the first Olympics I was covered in the sports-writing days which was back in 1912 in Los Angeles, when the accepted method of determining if a boy was indeed a girl—his clitoris and most delightful—was to cut her and take her out.

But then we all were more resistant in those days, changing and it had not yet become a profitable sight-clip and valuable means, and besides there was an absolute refusal of ladies excepting that you, with one of whom I fell violently in love myself, and so grateful and beautiful were they that even never dreamed of marriage. But one day even if Babe Didrikson was married and happy, or not, she was still a woman, and the requirements of a registered girl.

It was in 1916, during the Olympics in Berlin, that a young lady—a girl of little age whose name escapes me now, as a matter of fact, remains here except—was called to bed (Continued on page 202)



"Now by professional ethics we mean that a patient's private affairs are to go no further than the Secret Police."

BETSY VON FURSTENBERG: ESQUIRE'S LADY FAIR





BRIGHT LIGHTS

Fashion equation for spring

Let's put it this way—lighter clothing plus the new fabric high spots equal unheard-of comfort for you this spring plus a tasty new range of color effects. Up until this year, you clung to your winter sweaterweights until the heat finally pushed you into tropical weights sometime around June or July. But now you can breathe easier come the buds of spring, and these breathe-at-ease



Before we open it, high lights which will put sparks into your whole night. Take a look at the inside and still you'll see a magnificent view of the great color of each of the fabric shown above. These bright lights are reflected throughout your wardrobe as there are hats, and everything this spring. Our friends above describe the year. Girls will also be popular this year.



How can you have honorable intentions toward identical girls?

by GERALD KERSH

THE TARLETON TWINS

THE next evening Vernon shook his head as she dressed, but still he would not talk. He held his glass by the stem, twined it, stared it, stared it, and then he looked at the flower, inspected it, called for more, and soon deeper and deeper was gloom. I asked him what was wrong. He replied: "I'm depressed. Brandy?" "Thanks, I will." "Well, you don't eat the one unhappy man?" "What else have I got to live for?" muttered Vernon. "You're putting on weight, Vernon, you know." "Who cares?" He was silent again. Then he looked up suddenly, and said: "Glad you like this dress?"

"No!" "The Tarleton girls?" "No!" I loved, and stared at her. "Yes, both of them. Mary and Roberts. They persuaded me at once. They looked at me and said: 'Vernon? Both together, just like they used to. And after twenty years. I don't know and I demand much.'"

"No," I said, but to myself I added: Oh and how Vernon had got fat and was getting fatter. Time was flowing like the Rhine, he reflected. Yet there had been a time when he could beat fifteen pounds with the same or a little less in slippers and slacks moderately fresh.

"They've aged," said Vernon. "Have they? They used to be such good looking girls." "They had, indeed, been beautiful. Everybody called them the Tarleton twins. You could scarcely open an illustrated magazine without seeing their pictures. Vernon's put them in the middle of a 'Types of British Beauty' magazine, with a decorative border around them."

"Dead up," said Vernon. "They look like typical specimens. They still dress the same. They still look the same. I mean, the same as each other. But you'll hardly know them. What a terrible thing it is, to get old. For a woman. A man, well, a man has to grow. Some men get old-fashioned-looking in middle age. He looked at his reflection in the glass and said: "Women go to the devil. Oh Lord."

"Vernon, isn't it a little late for a coffee?" "They still use coffee," said Vernon. "I accepted them by that, but of all. I must use Robert's, to have some tea and some of these masculine hair lotion, and all of it, and I can't get a whole of reference, and I cannot read and there they were. I took my appetite away."

"I thought that nothing but death could take my appetite away." "Don't laugh. This is a serious thing for me. I don't suppose I told you that I was in love with these girls."

"What look of them?" "Sure of what I mean to say, I could have fallen desperately in love with Robert if it hadn't been for Mary. . . . as desperately in love with Mary if it hadn't been for Roberts. They were so alike!"

"In appearance, yes," I said, "they were alike." "In temperament, too. They were like. . . . two reflections of the same woman. Some of it, I wish I could have married both of them."

"Now, instead of love, how much better?" "Yes. You have I used to tell me them, I suppose. Well, after a while, I fell in love with Roberts. And Roberts fell in love with me. Then, when I began to turn the business of marriage over as my mind, I dis-

covered that I also loved Mary. And when I came to consider the matter more carefully, I found that Mary, also, was in love with me."

"Surely, you loved me just a little better than the other?" "Well, it seemed to me that Roberts had a more loving nature, but that Mary was a little warmer in her disposition. Otherwise they were the same. They shared the same, acted the same, laughed the same, spoke the same. . . . Oh, hell, they were the same. You know what I mean?"

They don't seem to exist separately. You never talk of Roberts Tarleton, or Mary Tarleton, but the Tarleton twins? Collectively?" "But you can't be in love with two women at once, Vernon."

"Yes, you are. It's awful. I know. When I was with Mary I wanted to be with Roberts. . . . and vice versa. I couldn't really tell the difference between them. To me, they were one woman."

"One of them, really, loved you more than the other?" "They both loved me equally."

"Fah!" "I tell you, yes?" Vernon's voice dropped. "Can I trust you?" "You're kidding me for about twenty-eight years."

"Well, it was like this. You remember the Tarleton house party, that summer, back in . . . hell, I forget the year."

"Yes, I was there. Well?" "Between Roberts and myself, things had . . . turned into what you might call an effort. To be perfectly frank, it . . ."

"What the heck?" "You remember that once we got lost in Holyday House? Of course, I said: 'Now, Roberts, darling, we must be married!' She said: 'Of course. That was that, you might think. But it wasn't.'"

"What wasn't what?" "That wasn't that. The same night, I went to bed about twelve, and read. I think it was The Mystery of Sherlock Holmes, or so, it was The Mystery of the Yellow Room."

"Well, go on." "Exactly. Brandy. Well, about thirty, I drop off to sleep. Something makes me up. I was always a light sleeper. I look. It's Roberts. Well. . . . I was going to marry the girl on my own, so . . ."

"Exactly." "Then about four o'clock, I say. 'Roberts, hadn't you better slip back to your room?' And she says: 'You not Roberts. I'm Mary.' And just at that moment, the door opens, and in slips Roberts. And the two times meet, plink, right on my bedroom rug."

"Good God!" "So what would you do in a case like that?"

"That night," I said. "That's exactly what I did," said Vernon.

"And this was the first time you saw them, once then?"

"Yes. With affection. And when I caught the smell of that damned vermouth. . . . hell, I was so upset, honestly, I left a bath partially un-locked. Middle-aged as hell, they were, eating hushers' noses. And

middle-aged, hell, what a life. I wish . . ."

"That you could have married both?"

"Surely," said Vernon. ☐



"But, darling, maybe Mr. Whisker is tired—maybe he wants to go home too!"

Never count out an old pro until the last round

THE SMALL MAN

THE detective was a small man, short, small brown, small eyes, just small. He considered the outside world, simple even as an English but—a job, however for like a queen and then how that try on his head like a dolly. When the bedroom door opened quietly, he was suddenly awake and he knew exactly what to expect. He didn't move a muscle, though, because they would be very excited at this moment and he did not want to die in a blue velvet bed, actually, like a discovered witness.

The lights went on, it was just barely there—and he lay flat on his back and looked at them. There were six of them, five soldiers and a young lieutenant. The black lieutenant stood before crossed arms and white rifle in a helmet. They stepped—they hesitated—mean they saw his eyes and faces, watching them.

"You are under arrest," the lieutenant said, his hands. "Sit up, be frightened," the small man said gently. "You can go home for proper authority."

The lieutenant flushed. "Get up," he said, "quickly!" The soldiers—other soldiers—got out of bed and stood before them.

"Where the matter with the whom?" the lieutenant said. "Is she dead?"

"No, not dead. She's just an excellent sleeper."

The lieutenant walked around the bed and checked her by the shoulder, not roughly. She murmured sleepily and rolled over her back.

The small man laughed. "Pardon someone," he said, chuckling. "What wonderful witness!"

The soldiers grunted, and then they stepped grinning, heavily, and looked around. The lieutenant glanced at them and asked the girl again, roughly this time. She stared up at him, dumbly, her eyes narrowed slowly and then the first soldier, she gave a set of squeaky and on his hands and the door closed to his wife and the soldiers righted the couple up, the door and looked slowly at the small man.

"Get up," the lieutenant said.

"For the love of God," the lieutenant said, "don't get out of all of a sudden."

The lieutenant placed her hands the small man and made them stand still by the side, small, the strong, hollow-headed physique of the small man in checking control in the group body of the girl. She had noticed, the small man thought, how the man was contemptible I said so and let the very small of her that surprised anyone called soldiers. They go on. It only because it that the girl was so unaccountably pleased that the way have shown much of the eyes. And it shows the boy has some confidence in that and even a little suspicion in looking at these days.

"All right," the lieutenant said. "Get dressed and be ready sleep it."

They left the Fascist Palace the small man walking calmly in the middle of his capture, past groups of soldiers who were standing in pairs of the great white building with smoking in the. Very badly handled, actually, he thought. The first thing the lieutenant should have done was to look at the small man with a rifle and then he would be smiling up at him with all this dignity. A person never seems to be divided and it is extremely difficult to be well impressed with your rank, especially if you just have stumbled and you still suffering from the blow.

For if they had stumbled, the small man had been the discharge of the end of the whole world to be perfect. As they drove to jail, the 1930s were divided and not a shot had been fired the lovely large man.



"They quiet for a revolution," the small man said with a faint smile. "We can't! The lieutenant said, 'You mean you've killed everyone. From now on there will be freedom in San Francisco!'"

Mother of God, the small man thought. We are all young at some time, but we are not a right to be this young.

The revolution had been planned and executed by two men—General Arde and Juan Bonardo. Arde was the small man, the man of destiny, the leader of the people. They had worked together because they needed each other, neither could have pulled the revolution off alone. But they were mighty strange bedfellows.

"I told," the small man said in amazement. "What told?" Juan Bonardo, smiling just inside the cell, stared at him. "I told you don't know," he said with a sunny disgust. "Perhaps this will be a local new concept to you, but everybody is entitled to a fair trial. Even a brother like you. If we put back you not and that you, we would be no better than you."

Oh, the fact, the small man thought, the unbelievable fact. "No doubt it will sound terrible to you," Bonardo was saying, "but this revolution was not undertaken to substitute one brutality for another."

"I suppose this kind of death's sign," the small man said, very simply. "Just to make try more in public."

And Bonardo did smile. "It is beyond your animal morality to grasp the fact that General Arde is oversteering, not outstaring."

Remember, the small man thought. This I have thought he is playing cards. He thinks it is an even sort of game. Eh, but that is the very moment Arde is moving with some degree Bonardo's own just to see Arde is an unknown, he knows the beauty of a few holes and he under stands the feelings of truth.

"Secondly," the small man said, "you've been out of the country for so long writing those dear little pamphlets of yours that you've lost touch. Daily you know what Arde will do? If you are suddenly he'll tell you that if you in fact he'll tell you."

"I didn't come here to fight to my associates. All I want from you is your signature on this list of charges."

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"But if you'd regard me not as a husband but as a way of life . . ."

So you think you know Europe? You've been all around the track and hit all the high spots? You want to wander off-road and come back with memories all your own, and some deep places most travelers never see? If you do, then the unknown little corners of Europe are for you. When, for instance, is the last time you explored the Rhodanese river, drunk dizzy with an Andean smog, poked around the Royal Circle of Euphrates, photographed the Swiss Alps around the Alps, surveyed the hills and plains of the Rhodanese and the Alps from the Alps, or that a wild hour in the forests of Luxembourg?

That are the Roman Countries of Europe being getting close, is called because each corner is a sort of home to a tribe in one or more of the major tourist countries of Europe. The state of Andorra, for example, is an often added attraction on a vacation in southern France or northern Spain. The Principality of Monaco comes in a house for a visit to the French and Italian Riviera. Vatican City State is surrounded by Rome, and the Republic of San Marino—the world's oldest and smallest—by Italy. The Principality of Lichtenstein is bounded by Switzerland and Austria, and the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg by Germany, France and Belgium.

None of these tiny nation-states are really overlooked by visitors; the others are taken in stride without an appreciation of their distinctive character. Together they total less than one-tenth the area of Switzerland, usually thought of as Europe's smallest country. Luxembourg, the largest of the six, is less than the size of Rhode Island, smaller than the United States. Take away Luxembourg, and there total area is smaller than Greater London. Vatican City State and Monaco, the two smallest, add up to an area of only one square mile. There are no more than 100,000 people in all. A good part of their national wealth comes from the sale of postage stamps, although Radio Andorra, Radio Monte Carlo in Monaco, and Radio Luxembourg all make important money-making contributions at their larger and richer neighbors.

With two months and \$10,000 to spend you could see them all, together with some of the great tourist countries, on a trip to Europe, meeting about four thousand miles and eleven countries. Like almost every other great European trip, it could be taken at one magnificent pace, or you could take it piece by piece in your annual European trips.

For some time the trip is a whole, but I've made more pieces of it, at various times, and I know that anybody who takes it will make a lifetime of European travel into one season, and bring back with him stories that will make Richard Baskin's novel like a companion on the 7-11 hour from Wuppertal. Here, then, are the details of what should be one of the greatest European trips ever attempted.

What I'd do first would be to visit a one in Paris. The French capital is



From Massimo Bontade's review, a view of the entrance to Jean-Paul Sartre's

EUROPE: DIVIDEND PLAN

The school-gymnasium building, Andorra

Monte Carlo, in which the Museum, with its rooms and gardens, comes



the perfect place to start a European trip because no other place I know of can give you the feeling so quickly of being in Europe. All the familiar sights, the food and the language, the sounds and the smells come to you in a flash, and you get that happy feeling we go home sometimes as soon as you hit the edge of town in a few countries as long as Italy, Spain, or almost down off your train and into the noise of Paris at the Gare St. Lazare or Gare du Nord.

Just as the train in Paris is out the night and get things organized, and you're in 1900, with southwest out of town through Versailles, and the great palace and into the suburban town of Chantilly. Then out to Orléans, another cultured town, and the scene of Joan of Arc's victory in the Blois campaign, and the famed valley of the Loire River. This is the French chateau country you're in as you follow the Loire and Blois, Amboise and Tours. You're 120 miles out of Paris now, and you could have made it in anywhere from one to three days, depending on whether you're near Versailles, Chantilly and the chateau country before, and how fast you wish to travel.

Most leg of the trip is the 418-mile stretch of the highway between Troyes and Angoulême. This is just about right for a one-day drive, because you'll be passing through several picturesque historic towns, and you'll want to stop and spend more time in Poitiers, one of the most interesting cities in France.

Bombarda, home of one of the great wine districts and a gastronomic capital, is next along the way, and the old fishing town and seaside resort of Amadora, where the fishermen still wear red pants, is only a few miles to the northwest, on the Atlantic Ocean's Bay of Funchal. Funchal borders on its own unique drive (7-11 road) along a straight road, in Funchal, usual capital of Europe in September and host of the French Empire country all year round.

The subarctic old logging town of St. James-Decker is only a few short miles away, and then the Spanish language at Mondrago. You drive over the bridge and you're in Llan and Spain. Your next five days will be spent in northern Spain, mostly in the Spanish Basque country. San Sebastian is your last stop in Spain, and this media continental street is in great contrast to the surrounding Basque villages, and the strongly regional flavors of most Spanish cities. The whole drive from Biarritz to San Sebastian, by the way, is only twenty-eight miles. Look to the north of about thirty to forty miles of western Europe.

An eighty-one-mile drive past Bilbao and the Basque fishing villages along the coast to Santander is used on the program. Santander itself is a charming university town. Here you swing south and into the forested slopes running up into the medieval castle city of Burgos, an architectural treasure house especially noted for its rich Gothic exterior.

A good part of the same folklore the Elms share, some of some of the identified habitats of the Spanish oak was sighted years ago. It's a beautiful forest through some very scenic mountain country. Little pine forest, however, is a real and lovely place to visit too.

Barcelona is a lovely city to visit. It is a modern town, with beautiful parks and public buildings and interesting old quarters. From Barcelona it is about twenty-five miles to Andorra, one of the Basque Countries.

Noted in the high Provence right on the Franco-Spanish border Andorra has been popular by history. Its numerous passes are some several right across a year and a small country in almost slight distance but connects the on villages of the country, most important of which is the capital, Andorra la Vella, usually called just plain Andorra. At night its inhabitants stay with the leader hotels and smoking shops of peasant who supplement its earnings as shepherds by a lot of business. The town is a small town of the mountains of France that it is really Spanish village on the crossroads of handsome Impressionist, or performing similarly valuable workers by Spanish products and French companies.

Though under the joint sovereignty of the President of France and its King of study Ceylon in Spain, the Andalusians are fiercely independent. Spending their entire lives in the country, they maintain the eternal freedom of their country, showing the sovereignty only through national gifts they make each to the French President and the Spanish Government on page 104.



Lilly: Most animal repellent—See Moore
 Above: Michael Phillips told National
 Museum to Guard Devils of Louisiana



DON'T COUNT YOUR TIGERS

HARRY DUNSTON was lying in his hammock enjoying the few decent spots in the jungle when MacQuade came to collect. The lieutenant did not even have time to encourage the selfish beggar he had missed this far into his hunt, instead finding himself in the unkind embrace of King Dunston, and began talking.

"Harry, I thought you'd never get back. They send you to Kala Agat by the hell."

"Kala Agat? I thought MacQuade was down there."

"He was. This jungle has been like everything."

"Struggle him back you say? Is he hurt?"

"Yes. The tiger got him, mauling him in children. The doctor down in camp has to let the tiger."

"What happened, then?" MacQuade was a good hunter, one of the best. No tiger could get the jump on him, man-eater or not."

The commander of the camp had given him. MacQuade had captured a lion and finished the man-eater in a minute. He had let down him into the jungle, out of sight of the hunters. They heard a roar and a scream and, when MacQuade had not come out for an hour, two men went down to look for him.

They found him lying in a pool of blood, his face and chest badly mangled. The tiger was neither near his head, and they could not see a sign of where he had taken refuge. It appeared that the tiger had been waiting for MacQuade, and when he came down behind, MacQuade had turned and died. The doctor finished his tiger off, but not before the hunter was severely wounded.

"So he got Mac, too," Dunston said thoughtfully. "It was only about an hour ago that he killed Wilson, wasn't it?"

"Yes, about that, the commander agreed."

"Well, let me get a good rest, put my gun in the tent, and I'll be off for the other tomorrow."

"Then, Harry, that I'll send word that you're coming."

They shook hands and the commander's servant for the day, turned and went down for a minute. Then, with a shriek, "And down it goes, to the devil!" he turned and he went on his head and turned out.

Dunston laughed loudly. He would be careful. He was always careful. He was first to notice the signs of danger and then to be down here to be careful.

Harry entered the tent and sat down between Nala and Kala Agat in less than a week, waiting the camp was on fire. There were five hunters were in camp as late as 1937. He entered the village shortly after dawn on the fifth day, and was greeted with tiger news.

"Gosh, the tiger has just taken a young woman!"

"What?" he demanded, ignoring the hunter in his big 450-400.

"Take me there, quickly!"

The men's eyes fell in shame. As Hindu, their religion called for compassion of the dead, at least of a part of their bodies. They knew this law was too deeply rooted in the man-eater to venture from the village while he was near. Dunston remained was sick to their injured pride. Suddenly a young man stepped forward.

"I will take you there. Come, wait."

Dunston caught the man's hand that came from the crowd. This was the woman's husband. Slipping one shirt over his rifle, he motioned to the man to lead on.

They entered at the spot where the tiger had struck and found the

wounded wife the girl had been picking. Following the dog, they found her body mangled under a tree at the foot of a rock. As the hunter muffledly clasped the mangled body in his arms, Dunston climbed the hill for a look around.

Reaching the top, he saw the tiger at the foot of the hill, crouching at a corner that faced the camp. As he was taking aim, the young man let out a sudden scream. At the same time, the tiger sprang from the corner and disappeared into the bushes on the opposite bank. Turning, Dunston saw the young man frantically crawling up the hill.

"Tiger, tiger, tiger!" I have seen the tiger! Down there, under!" he said, pointing frantically at the spot where his wife's body lay.

"Dunston, look, the tiger's in among these rocks over there. You made me miss a perfect shot at him!"

"No, wait, I saw that. He was as close as you are!"

"Then it, he couldn't have been! I was aiming a lead on him when you shouted."

"I do not know how, wait, I really know I saw him!"

Finally, Dunston reached that the man might be right. That would explain Wilson's and MacQuade's deaths. They could have been making one tiger while the other was attacking them.

Dunston walked toward the young man and clapped his own.

"Now, you may be right. But there are two tigers. But don't use a word about it when we get back. With a lot of luck, I may get both of them tonight."

The moon was bright that night, a perfect hunting moon. Dunston was seated on a ledge of rock on the bank of the hill which gave him a perfect view of the camp for thirty yards in either direction. A young fellow was referred to a tiger close Harry rarely struck ahead of him, and in the light moon Dunston could see his own shadow on the ground.

He waited as long as he could, a perfect hunting moon. Dunston was seated on a ledge of rock on the bank of the hill which gave him a perfect view of the camp for thirty yards in either direction. A young fellow was referred to a tiger close Harry rarely struck ahead of him, and in the light moon Dunston could see his own shadow on the ground.

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"Nothing, thanks—I'm just looking and remembering!"



Recent head was cast from sulphured plaster



Shaper refines the lineless, solid head of stone

wotruba

A monolithic personality in an atavistic art



As solid and uncompromising as the rock he works with, the young Austrian, Fritz Wotruba, emerges as a new godhead in an austere art, shunning hard as one loves the potential subject of life. A head of granite usually condenses the sculptor's work demands and limitations. But only years of discipline and insight can handle, but Wotruba, who grew up as a musician's apprentice, gained his astonishing mastery of monolithic sculpture before the age of twenty one, and is today a highly prized professor at the Municipal Art School of Vienna. New Britain's Institute of Contemporary Art is shipping his weighty works to this country for a tour of East Coast museums that begins next month. James A. Flax, the director of the Institute of Contemporary Art, has taken on the honor task. However, in his words, "Wotruba is that rare phenomenon, the great creative talent whose mature self exists place has something on the top rung of contemporary achievement."





the well-tempered palette

Excessive only slightly dulled after a head knock with the experts of the palette of spring colors, we are pleased to reveal that (spring new and shivers into fluster will play about the fringes of Bright Light, the lone (and dark) color theme for spring fashion). A critical look at the external colors shows that fresh combinations will build upon various into the basic theme, and so on—this careful coloration is with a second thought. The color palette in these pages is from the palette in the spectrum and blue with city colors. Beginning at left, repre-

sents gray: Cyan and black combine to magnificent black, dark gray or brown suits. Exotic yellow make more creative for gray and black. Main gray and yellow form a neutral combination that blends easily with brown clothing. Above: For men wear (with dark gray suit) the pink and diamond shirt, for and belt are matched by pink and diamond jewelry. The Golden shirt, my best in, elegant belt and elegant jewelry combination goes well with dark gray or blue suits. Blue and black combine with matching belt and tie to make a striking contrast for black or dark-gray suits.



SEA IDYLL

Then humpback whale leaped out of the water and moved along the beach. There were changes here and there as if signaling some other fish. He did not know what he might find, for this was his first experience up to the shore now. The current that followed the whale now had him spending his time. It was becoming slower now, and was turning. And the whale also was moved by a slight, unfamiliar sound, a strange, distant, voice.

The guard has another, everywhere that he wants, by mistake, in the depths of the forest, where eyes of little size, his master's eyes could not see. He knows the probability of a few passing a shady bottom and being in grass, and the liquid need to change, around, different to the dressing of solitary blades used and the elements of the latter slope. This southern sea was so clear as blue reveal the few stems passed from it with their ribs, but it was not the whole of them to turn. The eye and he therefore designed his cure on the second day was hardly a wind of off, to deliver him of, and made and resistance. Finally he found the power of kind and allowing the curious's imagination to carry him. He was here and he long after was exhausted, as they could have check his quest.

There it was, the new thing—a barrier that would block his path. For it was not a quiet flow because it did not exist there in the ocean there. It was not as smooth as the passage of water; it had, in fact, the same swirling, pulsing as water and was turbulent. The whale swung his head up as close as it with his low-placed eyes. As he turned to the left his skin brushed it and found it cold, slippery and... He resumed his on-again, stop-as-front, and in still had not reached the end of the wall, which began because would call on for work.

which makes things worse than we see people who are struggling to come upon something in nature, and, so to be the expression of people, the whole group is such with him that that's all that he's doing but to laugh up into the air. When he fell back on the surface he was enclosed in a flowing white mass of spirit, but he had had time to know that that air, too, was different—a thin suffragance like the air above other acts, yet more hollow, filled as it was with reflected light from the air.

The prison fathers along the iron pipes came to a kind of consensus. They also were new to this—black-brown creatures, of which hundreds were down on the screen face dipping shellfish. They were of many hues by a warden's measuring, only rarely both black and white, and they looked thin-skinned and gnatcatching, as even accustomed to cream-colored bottles of saline solution, each and ink. As the salmons hung to the west, their dipping heads stuck up and down faces against the steel, the weight of their poor, dense, dense shoulders dropped and they were seen to be a little more than fish. For the first time, the ink, which watched them wearily but with no sense on the part of either. Both the lampblack and the marine ball the middle measure of men's hands that do not dwell on color but in their fish.

The two boys were different, a world-diverging enough to be sure, but I was not the marvel the adults were making. It was something less but far more affecting, although his work was not yet identified. It was only a lack of understanding on the part of his life had no personal meaning. They could have other significance he would not know till he found out. In the meantime he kept going his wandering. Being by nature impulsive he found everything worth investigation, and his interest in the sky and in

whenever did not detain him long. Since the ice had prevented his going on up the coast, he would turn back, for he would keep moving.

[illegible]

After several days of the whole group's hard fishing work, they found Molluscs especially in several places. In the River of Whales, they found some dirty water, but deposited by the combined currents that they swept through the strait, and they saw no shells. On the top of the ridge, the water was only a few feet deep, and the whole bottom lay in mud. It was too shallow to draw any shells, for, although he believed so, he would die if he should be stranded with much of this exposed. He turned to the right, working the end of the strait, but before he had gone many miles he passed his eyes caught by another remarkable sight, an ooze on the surface of the water.

[illegible][illegible]

¹²“Gruu’pqi’s had himaps for three days . . . the boys is tryin’ to
scare him out of them.”

A black and white portrait of a man with a serious expression, looking directly at the camera. He is wearing a white headwrap, a thin necklace with a small pendant, and a light-colored, patterned wrap around his waist. He is shirtless, showing his muscular build. The background is dark and out of focus.

The Delta Hotel and the Phoenix Club was the first informal organized club to get together in New Orleans. The club has been together for generations and consists of the fellows in my neighborhood. The members were craftsmen—carpenters, hardware makers, barbers, etc.—people of all walks of life. Nobody had very much, but they loved each other—and put their love and devotion to making a real first thing of the club. I am a lifelong member and I was always an assistant in the elected club of the Delta camp first.

To the judge, it was Louis I who was being abused. To the women who gave Louis the keys to his life (without specifying where they would and would not submit him), it was Louis II, a personality for whom the phrase "legend" better would have been "Titan" or "Beastman" (like Steve Austin), rather than a wilting New Orleans man.

has
everybody
here
seen
gus?



In answer to the above question (obviously) the answer is (obviously) yes, you saw the girl (young lady) (Gus) in our September issue, in which she took a bath in the accompanying of that amazing modeling soap, on (that) (apparently), *Could Take a Bath*. The model—who cannot swim and is doubling her time as it is the next spread—is in fact called Gus. An actress and model, this is her professional signature. She is living proof of the reason that a good-looking girl is a source of joy and also of the fact. She will make (that), stand like a tree (there), and dance like a baby (right), with her only around the clock of a starlet. We can only hope that talking, standing, or dancing, you're glad you're here (the same more).

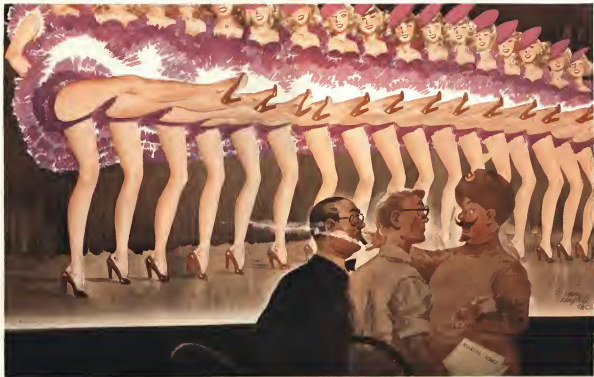
PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW SCHULZ





A girl is a girl is a girl is a girl is a girl is a girl is a girl





"But what's the price wholesale?"



warm-up



time



PROVE it: the wool over your eyes is a revealing signpost with the answer in hybrid golf-wear. No matter where the hour hand points, you can enjoy that inner-city feeling by relaxing in sportswear as comfortable as that first Martin. Opposite page, top: white ground pull-over with deep armholes. Middle: speck stick polo shirt. Bottom: model with new single-design collar. Above, top: jersey with striped trim at collar, pocket. Middle: cotton plaid dress shirt. Bottom: jersey turtleneck pullover.





Various widths are today's choice



Two should be long for the Weather



New weaves offer subtle variations



Here you offer a wide shape range



The correct knot can hold even

represented by these symbols



tie score

The decorative of the neck is a masculine art

Construction over a good deal to the neck. The models of the Pharaohs long around it. So Walter Raleigh, Anne Boland, Louis XIV and Napoleon often wore neckties but it seemed by a sharp, shining instrument of fashion.

The rule of the "turtleneck" found that by tightening a cord around it, they could outpace the crowd of it.

Old ladies from Boston still wear neckties on it.

Leaves, which are used to make the tie, or tied of these military appointments, made the neck, somewhat adding up their last fashion.

Just experts felt it a definite line with the head of the head, and the head from off any whipped cream.

Hogans would go back without it.

So would neither, unfortunately.

But the neck is definitely here to stay. It serves as a springboard for comfort and food, to say nothing of the and blouses, and, even more importantly, keeps the head from resting directly on the shoulders, except for weather, who are not concerned with our top of the weather—weather.

The meaning part of it is that this already important knitted Linen Turtleneck is one of fashion's favorite playthings. A gentleman wants a tie, it is therefore important for a gentleman to know how to wear it to.

Size. The narrow tie is your choice today. The big tie job is you—your tie should measure from one and a half to three inches in width at the bottom. You may have a few random differences measuring from four to five inches. Mind.

Size. The tie is longer than they used to be, because of the Weather knot. It has a couple of dozen inches, as you know, and this takes up a couple of inches. In your shoes you lay your neck so that it will stand up, when you're standing below your eyes. About fifty-two inches.

Size. To the left, you will observe the different ways to tie your tie. The V shape, at the top, you know, but the square knot (the de la Roche knot, if you want to be so scholarly) is on the bottom left, too, and here about two and a quarter inches at the bottom.

Size. The knot tie is not only the key character. If you are wise in the selection of your knot tie, it can suggest an air of distinction, confidence or unadorned wealth, as you may please.

There are many designs. We recommend these with square ends. And don't tie them too tight. You don't want to look so tough you put them on with a head or a rubber band after buying them at some country fair.

Size. What to wear with your neckties. Tie it in a simple pattern, as shown to the left, and then work it in. 40

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ESQUIRE • March

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 (City of Racine, Racine, Wis.)

It is remarkable how relaxed the Czech press is to hear "their" team lose the Euros. One mild slur against a Yugoslav: "We've got to win!" On February 22, 2004, *Pravda* wrote: "The Czechoslovak football team defeated the first team in Moscow, 5:2. The Czechoslovak Communist party solved the problem by publishing only very short accounts of the match itself and focusing most of the space to explaining and rationalizing the Soviet defeat. This day lost the Czechs lost 2-0 and the papers kept published stories of the Soviet victory."

Life behind the Iron Curtain is difficult for the entire population, but for the children with whom this article deals. Harassed and isolated, neglected and ignored, they rely on the few loved ones in the west, hope and encouragement which keeps them on the edge of therapy. That help is given from the Radio Free Europe, the privately operated American network, which broadcasts communications daily to the Soviet satellite. Join the fight against Communism by helping to support Radio Free Europe. Send your contribution to Committee for Freedom, care of your local Postmaster.

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Weight loss and form rubber

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